

# YOUR SERVANT SIR,

OR

## Ralph to Hudibras

Descanting on *Wilds Poetry*.

**L**Oe, now comes he, that came not yet,  
Who cares not though his Master fret;  
As Shoemaker so hath Translator,  
In stirrup Foot; so Imitator

Of *Hudibras* is little *Ralph*,  
But servant hath more wit bit'h half.  
This Doughty Knight by Pany Squire  
Oude done is, as a simple Syre  
Is by his wiser Son surpassed,  
So much doth *Ralph* exceed this rash head,  
As doth the *Quiristers Sol fa-la-mi*,  
Old *Hopkins* Rhimes when sung by *Calamy*.  
Brave Squire against proud Knight doth vanr,  
And proves as stout a Combatant,  
With *Oboron* as was *Pig-wiggin*  
Whose head was arm'd with Achorn Piggin:  
Here may be seen, as in a Glafs,  
The Mushrom wit of *Hudibras*,  
Who can't avoid in best of writing  
Such stinking stuffe as that of *Sh-----*  
The Squire hath got the quicker fight  
Mounted on back of Giant-Knight,

**H**Ah, are ye come? Welcome Sir *Hudibras*;  
For all you are my Master, y' are an *Ass*.  
*Parturient Montes* fish you make a blunder,  
Not in *Wild Squibs*, but Lightning joynd with Thunder,  
I question if you are as you pretend  
Unto the *Bishops* and the *Church*, a friend,  
For by those words a man that hath no eyes,  
May plainly see you do *Hiperbolize*:  
A *Bishop's* calmly urgent, makes no stir,  
Nor Thumps the Cushion like a *Presbyter*,  
He spits no fire, nor Wildly throws about  
Hell and Damnation amongst the rout;  
Flint breaks on *Pillows*: 'Tis not Pulpit Thunder  
But mild perswasion melts mens hearts asunder.  
Sugar and Hony excelleth gall or Verjuice,  
A *Barnabas* wins more then *Boanerges*:  
Such fiery Zealots by their Frantick fits  
Drive others (like themselves) besides their wits.  
You play with th' *Organs*, and their virtue show,  
As if you thought there were no Devil below:  
After which your more fordid stile is held on,  
(Sans Reverence to the name of *Paulus* or *Sheldon*)  
Gainst *Calamy*, by *Metaphor* descrying  
Your malice to a man that lies a dying,  
To kick a worm what glory may be found?  
That's dead in Law, and prostrate on the ground,  
Is he a bird of prey? (buzzard or Kite)  
*Muse* had been better far then plainly sh-----  
See how the Term with his condition sures,  
Preachers when silenc't, what are they but *Muses*?  
Thus do I (like your self) quibble at *quicquid*  
In *Bucham* veneris, or *Muse* or *liquid*:  
Not that I hate you, yet you must not think  
That Wits whole Mass is lodged in the chinck  
Of your own Scull, Sir, but that *Ralph* your man  
Hath somewhat likewise in the little pan

Of: *Pierius* *minimus*, is not such an *Ass*  
As still to be outwi'd by *Hudibras*.  
To wake the *Bishops* you do make a Roare,  
And tell them nought but what they knew before.  
How they should be a sleep I much do wonder,  
Since you compare them unto fire and Thunder,  
Though what you say of *Calamy* be true,  
Yet tis not meet to lance old sores a new,  
To write a crime thats past on th' *Actors* Front,  
Whilst that *Amnestia* remains upon't.  
The *King* hath pardon'd such, then why should we  
Stir up again their stinking memory?  
But if they *Act* again those faults a new,  
Then *Dun* and *Devil* (a Gods name) take your due.  
Now leave we *Calamy*, and come to trace  
Thee *Hudibras* throughout thy *Wild-goose Chase*,  
In other manner then doth *True de Case*,  
Who least he should be thought for to transgress  
Ends (*Postaster*-like) The *King* God bless-----  
Whose sacred name should not be made a Sallad  
For Bread and Butter, such mean fare's a *Ballad*.  
And here I must confess that *Wild* hath hit  
On sev'ral pritty passages of wit;  
Although your *Knights* ship's pleas'd at's lines to flour,  
Saying his Verses (like him) have the *Gout*:  
The difference twix you both is not a pin,  
*Squibbing* and *Squirting* (Sir) are neer a kin.  
'Tis true, his rhimes too much abusive bee,  
But thine's the more Profaner *Ribaldry*;  
In down right words he Jerks at *Calamy*,  
Thou at the *Prelates* by an *Irony*:  
Two Cocks well matcht, for his Invention sprung  
From Tap and Spigor, thine flows from the bung.  
His Verse is vain enough, since wanton lines  
Become *Knights Errant*, rather then *Divines*.  
Being shrewdly vext for that he cannot handle  
In Church a Text, he dies like snuff of Candle;  
Much discontented since that none will mind him,  
And being dead, hath left a *stink* behind him.  
But *Hudibras* tis strange what should thee move  
To rake i'th Ashes of deceased *Love*;  
That son of Thunder by some men admir'd,  
Vollies whereof were heard when he expir'd.  
Thy Rav'nous *Muse* too, wanting better Cares  
Must feed on *Peters* Quarters ore the *Gates*.  
Such Darts 'gainst their dead Carcasses being hurld,  
May chance to vex 'em in the other world;  
And cause their *Ghosts* to haunt thee in the night,  
Enough to scare a poor *Romantic Knight*  
Out of his wits, if such a thing should be  
Thou wouldst be rob'd of all thy *Poetry*:  
And if thy rhiming faculty once fail  
Thou'lt shortly after die for want of *Ale*.  
Or if thou dost hold on to vex *Wild* thus,  
Thou'lt make him furious as *Archibous*,  
Whose keen *Lambicks* may thy credit blast,  
And force thee through a *Rope* to breath thy last.

FINIS.